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and grass and snow, we shall see how closely she clothes her forms, only softening the outlines, selects her quiet harmonies of colors rather than glaring contrasts, and covers nothing from sight that is of itself beautiful.

C. H. CRANDALL.

### HISTORICAL NICKNAMES.

EDMOND ABOUT, in one of his last contributions to the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, suggested that the political history of several nations could be written in the form of a compendium of national epigrams and *vaudevilles*—a sort of facetious ditties in which the French are rivalled only by their Italian neighbors.

A collection of historical nicknames would, however, serve the same purpose in a still more compendious form. There are *sobriquets* that sum up all the physical and moral characteristics of an individual and sometimes of a party or even a whole nation. "What are the main tendencies of your 'Liberals' and 'Serviles,' as your Highness has begun to call them?" a German politician asked Prince de Ligne, the Austrian Chesterfield. "Well, you see, our Serviles want *sehr vieles* (a good many things), but our Liberals want *lieber alles*" (rather everything), said the keenwitted courtier.

When the braggard Bernadotte had got himself elected Crown Prince of Sweden, he did his best to propitiate public opinion all around, assumed the name of Charles Jean, loaded foreign diplomats with decorations, and offered his services as mediator between France and the victorious allies, but his old companions in arms had sized him up to an inch and nicknamed him "Charles Jean Charlatan." Complacent King Joseph they called "*le roi par ordre*," and the depredations of General Vandamme were commemorated in the epithet "Jacques Brigand"—"Billy Bushwhacker," as we might translate it. For Napoleon himself his soldiers had only affectionate nicknames: "The Little Corporal," "Little Wideawake"; but Madame de Staël in a fit of resentment called him "Robespierre on horseback" (*Robespierre à cheval*), and the nickname stuck like the pun of that Ghent Alderman who bribed the retail butchers of his city (locally known as *les petits bouchers*) to get up a transparency with the inscription: "The little butchers of Ghent to Napoleon the Great."

The "Grand Butcher" was not apt to forgive a personal squib of that kind, but nevertheless almost choked with laughing when Count Las Cases at Longwood ventured to acquaint him with the popular nickname of his royal brother-in-law, Murat. The *parvenu* King of Naples was incorrigibly fond of dressing in theatrical finery, gold-lace jackets with broad lace collars and blue velvet surtouts, and in allusion to that foible the Parisian wits called him "King Franconi," Franconi's Opera being a flashy pleasure resort of the French capital. Louis XVIII. they called "Gros Revenu," to commemorate a high treasonable pun of a witty Imperialist, who had heard his comrades complain of the enormous taxes of the new regime. "Never mind, *payons, payons, nous avons un gros revenu*"—we have a large revenue—the three last words meaning also "a returned potbelly." After the battle of Waterloo they called their wellfed sovereign "Louis *deux fois neuf*," "twice nine," with the additional meaning of "twice new." Those puns had much to do with the final expulsion of the Bourbons, and it might be questioned if all the speeches of the Jacobins hurt the cause of the royal family as much as the Queen's nickname, "Madame Veto." That those same

Jacobins were capable of self-banter is, however, proved by their sobriquet of the frivolous cut-throat Barère, "the Anacreon of the Guillotine."

With a similar humor the wits of the Napoleonic era called the flunkey naturalist Lacépède (a great authority on snakes), "The *chef* of the reptiles." "The Deity rested after the creation of Napoleon the Great," the eloquent professor concluded one of his characteristic speeches. "A pity that the Deity did not rest then a little sooner," said the Count de Narbonne. As a rule the Imperialists would not permit the humorists of any other nation to quiz their new made potentates, but they could not help endorsing the verdict of the tax-burdened Hessians who called their profligate king (Brother Jérôme) "Koenig Don Juan."

In the Crown Prince phase of his existence, Kaiser Wilhelm, the victor of Sadowa and Sedan, had made himself so unpopular that the Berliners called him the *Kartätschen Prinz* (the grape-and-canister Prince, and demolished his metropolitan palace. Voltaire, after his Prussian experiences, could not revenge himself in that manner, but contrived to saddle old Fritz with the sobriquet of "Luc"—originally the name of a mischievous and highly irascible baboon which a French traveller had presented to the Philosopher of Ferney. The brother of the Canister Prince had a constitutional horror of gunpowder, and worshipped Bacchus rather to the neglect of Mars, but was so affable to interviewers of all parties that he got off with the nickname of "Champagne Freddie" (Der Champagner Fritz). All in all, he was about the easiest-going King that ever contrived to maintain himself on a storm-tossed throne, and when the Burgomaster of a rather democratic Rhineland city presented him with a bumper of wine, "warranted as pure as our citizens' loyalty to your royal house," his majesty merely held the glass against the light and whispered: "Vintage of Forty-eight?"—the year of the Rhenish insurrection.

He knew his nickname, and connived at the public banter of his foibles with a philosophical tolerance entirely foreign to the character of one of his successors, whose subjects have never yet ventured to translate the London-made sobriquet of "Billy Bombastes." Marechal Blucher took part in a debate on the best way of translating Napoleon's favorite nickname of the bibulous leader of the Prussian cavalry, and finally voted that "*Der versoffene Husar*" (the drunken old Hussar) would come the nearest to a good fit.

"I know what they call me," said the Calabrian robber-chief, who had baffled Murat's rangers for eighteen months, "but I would much sooner be known as 'Fra Diavolo' (Friar Satan) than as Fra Sanducho—Brother hypocrite"; and it is probable that the remorseless representative of the Borgias would have rather prided himself on the title of "Cardinal Mephistopheles." The Venetians can compete with the wits of the French metropolis in the manufacture of telling nicknames, and a lady whom Napoleon in his consular days had pronounced the best-looking female of Southern Europe was ever after known as "*La Bella par decreto—ma' sin il verendo*"—the beauty by special cabinet order—but without the "*verendo*" ("Seeing," *i. e.*, "whereas," the initial phrase of an official decree); and when Maria Theresa ordered some nude Italian statues to be draped in nether garments, the sculptor revenged himself by calling her *la calzonera*—the "pantaloen maker." The good-natured empress laughed at the conceit as heartily as her great son at his sobriquet, *der Kloster Hetzer*—the "convent cleaner" (the cleaner-out of superfluous monasteries), and Marshal Vendôme used to

say that he would forfeit all his titles sooner than his nickname, "General Bonhomme." With all his cynicisms, he was, indeed, *Bonhomme* personified, and once pardoned a petty marauder for the sake of his ready wit. "So they are going to hang you? Serves you right; only a scoundrel will risk his life for ten francs." "Ah, *mon general*, how often had I to risk my life for ten coppers," (the daily pay of a French soldier) said the delinquent, and was at once dismissed with a laugh and the admonition to "keep his neck greased for the next time." The slang-loving old campaigner had a vein of pathos, too, and in his last moment, when a friend tried to draw the stiff curtains of his Spanish chateau, to keep the moon from shining in the sick room, the dying veteran beckoned him to desist: "*Laissez-ça; je vois la grande ombre de l'Eternité qui s'avance*"—"Never mind; the shadow of eternity is going to save you that trouble in a minute or two."

The subjects of the late Czar called him in his Crown Prince days the "Young Steer," and afterwards simply "the Steer," and the Army of the Potomac is said to have very privately applied a similar sobriquet to a general who confessed that he "never manoeuvred," and certainly preferred headlong charges to elaborate tactics. Some Berlin journalists who had seen him on his *tour de monde*, called him *der Nussknacker General*, in allusion to a silent automaton that is placed upon German banquet tables together with a plate of hazelnuts, but added that he had unquestionably contrived to crack some nuts that had broken the teeth of all other comers.

The soldiers of the first Napoleon embellished the accounts of their campaigns with a vocabulary of historic geographical nicknames: "Capuchin-Land" for Spain, "Knoutland," for the dominions of the Czar, "Mastiff land" for Great Britain, and "Big-wig land" (*terre des perruques*) for Prussia. But their exploits in that special field have been rather eclipsed by the achievements of American humor; witness the following list of *facetiae* that was collected at a recent convention of commercial travellers:

British Columbia, "The Drizzle Land"; Maine, "The Foggy State"; Vermont, "The Clabber State"; Massachusetts, "The Schoolmar'm State"; New Jersey, "The Mosquito State"; Delaware, "The Cowhide State"; Pennsylvania, "The Blue Law State"; Ohio, "The Lobby State" (Kinsmen of Orpheus C. Kerr in force); Kentucky, "The Shotgun State"; Indian Territory, "The Horse-thief Reserve"; Kansas, "The Howler State"; Arkansas, "The Quinine State"; Mississippi, "The Ku-klux State"; Tennessee, "The Moonshine State"; South Carolina, "The Congo State" (preponderance of Ethiopian elements); North Carolina, "The Granny State"; California, "The Boodle State"; Texas, "The Rowdy State"; Colorado, "The Growler State"; the Dakotas, "Blizzard Land"; Indiana, "The White Cap State"; Mexico, "Bushwhacker Land."

F. L. OSWALD.